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# Editorials

## Human death with dignity

An infant born with gross neurological defects. The patient in a deep coma after a traffic accident. The person suffering from a terminal illness with nothing to look forward to but increasing discomfort and complicated treatment. Who decides when heroic efforts to maintain life should cease?

Dr. Lawrence Whytehead, co-author of a report on "Dying: Considerations Concerning the Passage from Life to Death" for the General Synod of the Anglican Church of Canada says, "Quite often it is the doctor that first wonders whether or not efforts to continue to preserve that patient's life should be continued. In that case, he ought to talk with the family and explain the outlook from then on for their relative. They will need time to think it over. They should have support from the hospital chaplain or their own minister. So it is a joint decision. And that is true also for the infant who cannot make decisions for himself."

The 64-page report deals with several highly sensitive areas. What is a person?

When does a person die? Who decides when life support efforts should cease? How can we best minister to the terminally ill? Preparing for death and the Christian response to death.

Canon Paul Chidwick, the other co-author says: "I suppose the church is bringing the report out, not that they are expecting anything terribly new from the Church, but to point to the fact that the Church is, in fact, saying something. It is affirming decisions which are being made by doctors and by families, maybe even trying to help them remove symptoms of guilt or anxiety over decisions already made."

Dr. Whytehead feels it's good that such issues have been raised for they tend to prompt discussion.

We're not trying to impose predetermined positions on people," he declared, "these questions must be decided by the individual. From the report, people may detect guidelines which can help them make decisions in these medical dilemmas and decide that perhaps, in some cases, life support is no longer proper and Christian".

## Anti-smokers being heard

People are not totally reasonable. Those who like to perpetuate the semi-rationalist notion that humans will change their behavior if shown the facts, would do well to look at those 'hooked' on tobacco. No major medical or health agency questions the 'fact' that each year, 30,000 Canadians die prematurely from the effects of smoking. If some new food additive, automobile defect or drug (except alcohol) could be linked to emphysema, chronic bronchitis, lung cancer and heart disease as closely as cigarettes, a public outcry would explode, sparking the government to action.

In the late '60's and early '70's, smoking rates began to drop, except for those in their teen years. Not yet old enough to sense their mortality, those who straddle childhood and

adulthood seem immune to the endless stream of scientific evidence, yet super-sensitive to peer influence.

Tobacco has succeeded in creating an image. Hot smoke is so very masculine yet super feminine. 'Ridiculous!' The image is distorted. Smoking should be linked to disability and death, to rasping coughs, yellowed teeth and fingers and blackened lungs.

But a counter-offensive is underway. Tired of being lost in a bleary-eyed haze, many non-smokers are becoming aggressive, puncturing myths and demanding their rights to breathe clean air. As the puffers wheeze and rasp their way to the back of the bus, perhaps those short on height and years will get the point and prove that they, at least, are not short on brains.

## Patient releases under fire

Scarborough Centenary has, through the years, established an excellent reputation as a caring hospital with a competent staff.

However, within recent weeks, two disturbing occurrences have come to light, occurrences that tend to cast doubt on this fact.

On both occasions, patients were admitted, then released, then re-admitted when the seriousness of their condition were learned.

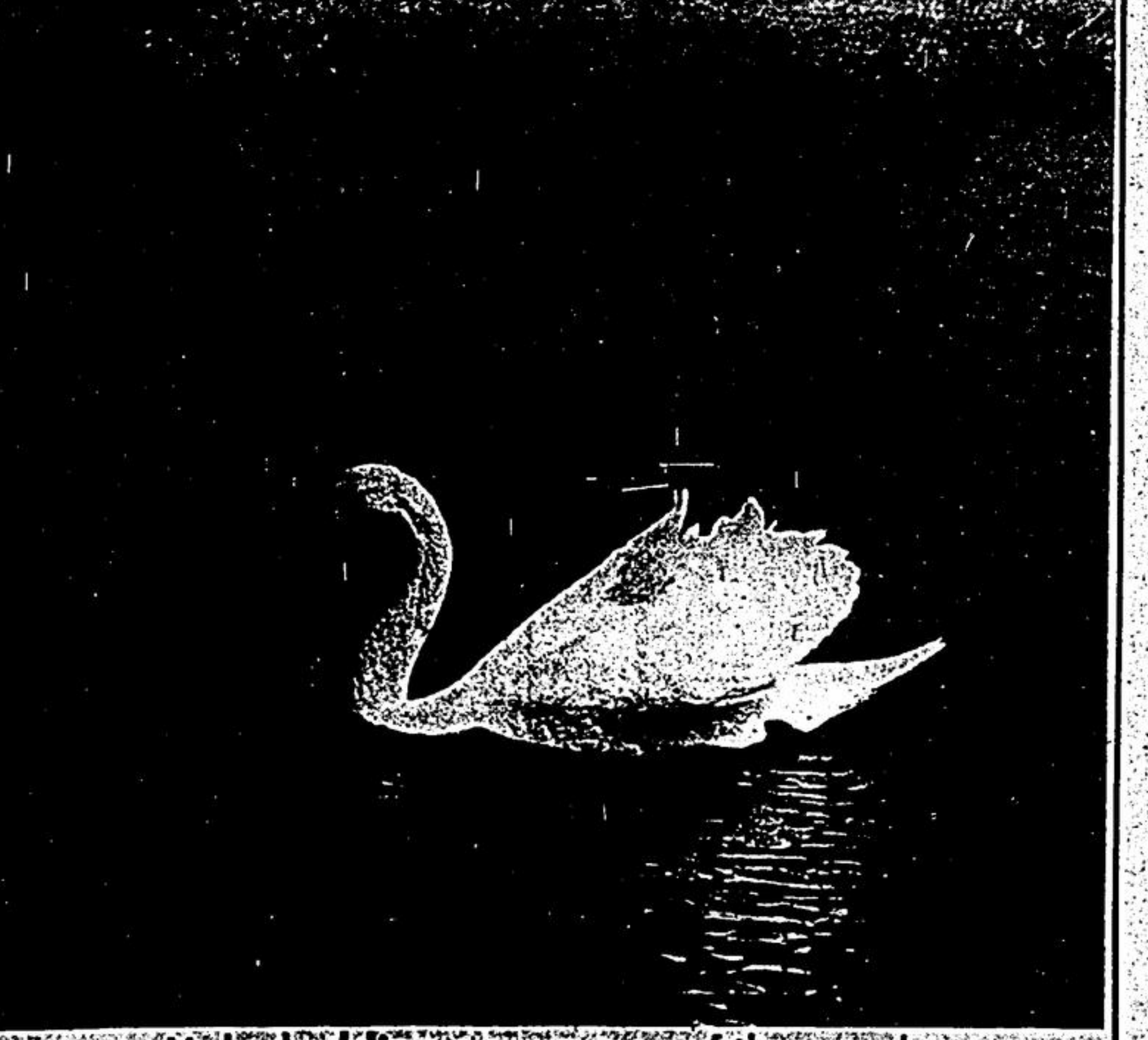
One was a senior citizen at the Winlane Apartments in Stouffville. The other was a husband and wife, injured in a two-car collision on Hwy. 48 near Dickson's Hill.

How could this happen? Is home-care now a necessity even for seriously ill and injured persons or is the diagnosis so inadequate, people can be admitted and then released without receiving proper treatment?

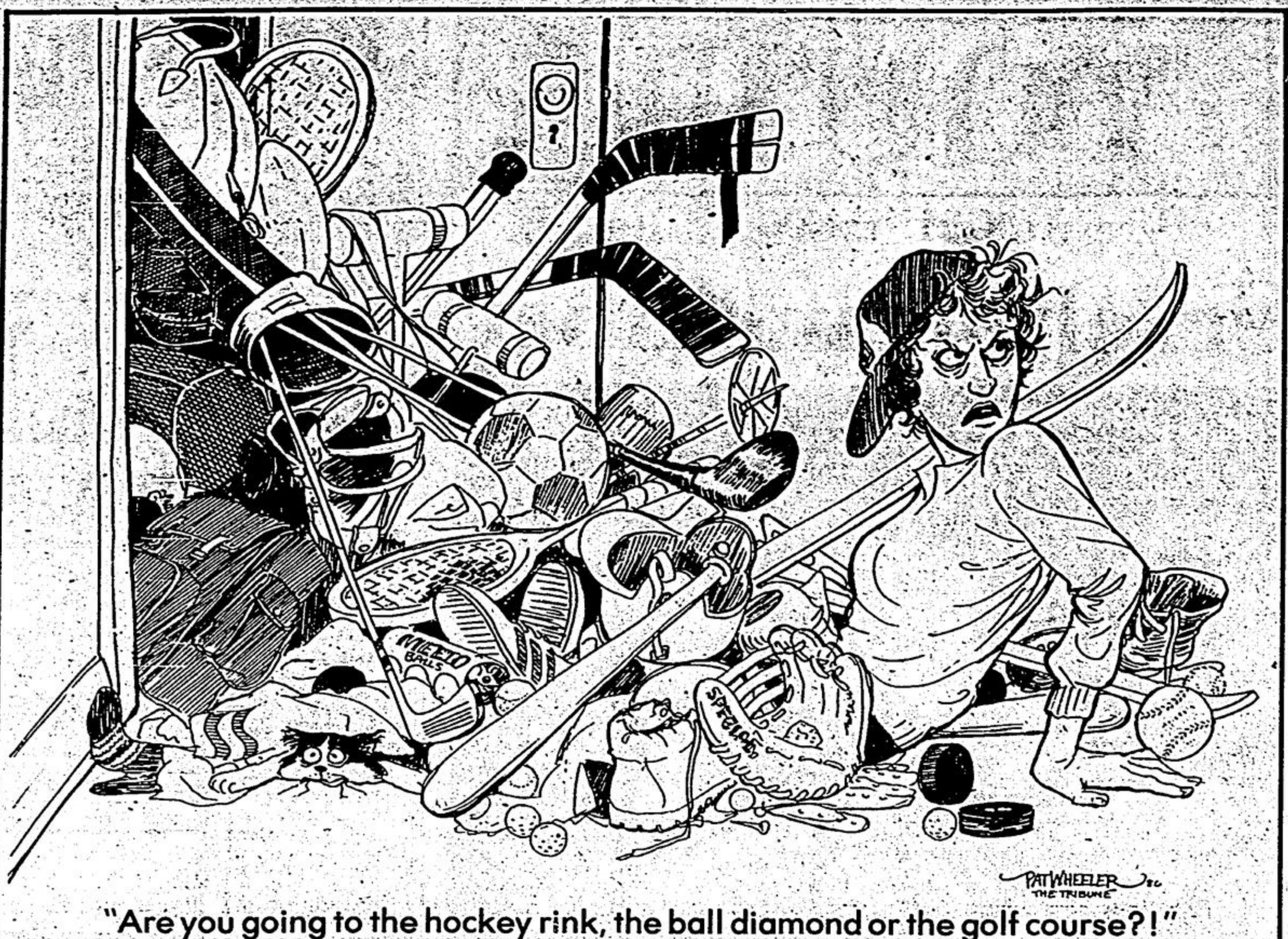
We wonder.

While government subsidy cuts have forced hospitals everywhere to operate under very limited budgets, it would seem strange that people must be re-admitted for the treatment and attention they should have received the first time around.

True, there may be reasons to support such actions. If so, we'd like to hear them.



**Ugly duckling now queen of the pond**  
 Winter turns to spring and the ugly duckling becomes a graceful swan. This wonder of nature was enjoyed by dozens of visitors to the Claremont Conservation Area, Sunday. JoAnn Thompson



"Are you going to the hockey rink, the ball diamond or the golf course?!"

## Roaming Around Judge at a cooking school



By Jim Thomas

All I know about baking and cooking you could stick on the end of a teaspoon and still have space to spare.

Heck, I can't even boil water without burning the kettle's bottom. The same with toast, black as your hat.

For these and other reasons, the kitchen's off limits. I'm not to be trusted, not even when sneaking a midnight snack because invariably, something happens, like dropping the jam jar on my toe. And that hurts.

It also hurts that I'm so inept at all things related to the culinary arts. Domestic Science, I should explain, was never part of my course of study, in fact, during my high school years, use of the Bunsen burner was the closest I ever came to cooking anything. My left elbow still bears the scar.

With that kind of background, you can well understand the silence that followed a telephone call from Louise Hope, Home Economist at Markham High. She was asking me to serve as a judge at a "Bake-off" involving the whole school, more than 2,000 kids, for "Open House", April 2. I was shocked, dumbfounded. Me, a judge at a cooking competition, I thought to myself, she doesn't know what she's doing.

Louise assured me it wouldn't be too tough a task, that I'd have help and the students who made the stuff wouldn't be present to show their disgust. So I agreed.

What an education. In 2½ hours I found out more than I could have learned in a lifetime.

The head judge was Chris Hindson, a graduate of McDonald College, Guelph and looked on by most as the top food-taster in town. The other, also a lady, was Angela Piper, an accomplished cook and part-time reporter for the Economist and Sun. Then there was me.

Fortunately, the ground rules were simple, a maximum of five marks in three areas—appearance, texture and flavor. It was good too that I had skipped breakfast, missed dinner and left home in advance of supper. This made me hungry as a horse. Excluding two platters of peanut butter cookies that tasted like sawdust, I eagerly sampled every entry; even returned for seconds.

In all, there were seven classes: (1) Decorated Easter cake. (2) Orange bread. (3) Gelatin dessert. (4) An innovative supper dish. (5) Peanut butter cookies. (6) Brownies and (7) A bag lunch. Unfortunately, two of my favorites, chocolate cake and lemon tarts failed to entice any participants. So I finished off with three helpings of gelatin dessert that, I learned later, was made by the grand champion, Sharon Gayman of Unionville. With tongue in cheek, I have to admit it was the best I'd ever tasted.

Although a rank amateur at this sort of thing, it was unbelievable how close my choices came to the selections of the other two. Only on the peanut butter cookies did I fare badly. But this was understandable. By the time I worked my way from entry 'A'

through to entry 'M', the peas, the nuts and the butter tasted pretty much the same.

However, far be it for me to take all the credit. Professional food judges are made not born so I have to admit Chris and Angela gave me a few tips before we started.

For example, just because an orange loaf is split open across the top, isn't just cause to toss it in the can. It can also have small holes in the centre and still qualify for a red ribbon. And brownies don't have to be brown, at least not dark brown. And would you believe, peanut butter cookies can have raisins instead of nuts? Our winner did.

Yes, these and a few other things I learned last week.

So now that I've stuck my foot in the oven door, my services will undoubtedly be in demand. However, for the time being at least, this "galloping gourmet" will stick to pedaling papers.

## Window on Wildlife



### Doves increase

By Art Briggs-Jude

When the Cincinnati Zoo lost its most famous inmate September 1, 1914, rewards for information on a nesting pair of passenger pigeons lay unclaimed for 14 years. During that period, scattered rumors persisted that some pigeons still occurred in some remote places in Mexico and South America. Unfortunately, such was not the case and after every investigation turned up the same nil report the final truth dawned hard and cold on the American wildlife scene. The bird that was once the most numerous species on this continent was gone forever.

Among the many reports that flooded into the authorities, especially in those early years, were sightings that often proved to be the passenger pigeon's close relative, the mourning dove. This noticeably smaller bird lacked the solid-gray head of the rare pigeon and its colours were generally on the duller side. Its numbers in those days: too were considerably fewer, for it seldom gathered in flocks of any great size. This fact, plus its habit of nesting in separate pairs, probably spelled the difference between the demise of the passenger pigeon and the survival of the mourning dove. For there is little doubt that when the vast hordes of passenger pigeons were greatly reduced by market hunting and nesting site slaughters, the remaining flocks became highly vulnerable to such natural checks as disease and migration calamities.

Though the passenger pigeon became relegated to a museum case existence, the clearing of the woodlands favored an increase in mourning dove numbers. In many respects the diet of the two birds was similar although the passenger pigeon was by circumstance, more of a woodland bird. The changing face of the countryside seemed so favorable to the smaller dove, that even man's often abuse of the land only strengthened their ranks. In the weed patches along the forest edge or in the

stubble fields the doves prospered on the surplus seed crop.

Today, the trusting mourning dove is found in close proximity to man's dwelling wherever suitable cover exists. Thorny hedgerows, orchards, and evergreen plantings all serve as acceptable nest sites for this soft plumaged bird. In these situations the cooing birds build a flimsy nest often so crudely made the two white eggs can be seen from below. Like the domestic pigeon, mourning doves raise as many broods as weather conditions allow. In the south this may be as many as five while in our area it's usually two or sometimes three. Judging from the increasing numbers that winter in these parts every year now, the mourning doves will be well on their way to having an extra brood or two like their relatives below the border.

### Editor's Mail

### Enjoyable day

Dear Editor:  
 I visited your Stouffville Flea Market Saturday—the first time since early last fall. While the traffic through your town was terrible and parking at the site even worse, I thoroughly enjoyed my stay.

The interior of the main building is much more spacious, with improved displays. It was a real pleasure to walk up and down the wide aisles. And the bargains! I saved three to five dollars on several items.

But the traffic! Worse than the Don Valley Parkway at rush hour.

Margaret Dawson, Sherbourne St., Toronto.

## Plain people



JEAN BARKEY  
 Rose Avenue, Stouffville

Looking for a volunteer? Call Jean Barkey. Her record of service speaks for itself for it covers a cross-section of community activities. She's a member of the Whitchurch-Stouffville Museum Board and has been since 1971. She's the secretary of the Stouffville Horticultural Society and served as president from 1958-60. She's been a member of the Dickson's Hill Cemetery Board for many years and currently the chairperson of that committee. She's also the secretary-treasurer of the Lemonville Cemetery Board. Excluding all else, Jean is appreciated most for her work on Stouffville's History, a book first unveiled during centennial year and treasured by hundreds, both natives and newcomers. Going back a few years, she was active in the Stouffville United Church, working in the Mission Band, with the Young People's and in the choir. She served as a volunteer counsellor at a children's camp near Bolton and Port Perry. She also assisted at the Town Pool and provided instruction for the Royal Lifesaving Course from 1957 through 1960. She was a member of the Stouffville Lawn Bowling Club and still enjoys alley bowling. As a graduate registered nurse, Jean still provides assistance to senior citizens in private homes or in transporting them to and from doctors' appointments. It's because of people like Jean (Mrs. Howard) Barkey, of Rose Avenue, Whitchurch-Stouffville's a better place in which to live.